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Beyond the Rim

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HOW SURPRISING *the strength*
of young, growing things—
the tender blades of grass
piercing the hardened
earth-crust, the sprouting
tree cleaving the great rock, the growing
mind breaking through the layer of con-
ventional thought into the sunshine of
new beauty and truth! & These poems
written by a real boy are, I believe,
a promise of what every youth
could do, once our education
becomes truly creative.

CORA L. WILLIAMS.

Beyond the Rim



*Voice from the silent mazes,
Beyond the rim,
Struggling for shape, dimension
In the dim
Unconsciousness. Be free!
We know the fearsome faces,
The awe — the glory!
In the unknown places
We grasp, blindly,
What force is this?—
Or that?
It does not matter,
We are bound in one.
Master!*

The Wanderlust



Trailing feet in the summer dust,
The trees, the trail, the wanderlust —
I follow away — I must, I must —

Smoky buildings of brick and stone,
How dusty and old you all have grown,
I follow the trail — alone, alone —

I follow the trail to the sunset's glow,
I sing a song as away I go,
Life is to live — I know, I know!

The Urge



In the blueness of the sky
On and on and on
Seek I!

On wings
I pass the haunts of man,
I know the urge, and not the plan!
In the void I hear a cry
On and on and on
Seek I!

Dawn



The night slept; restless in the mist
High clouds were kissed
By waking day.
A coyote wailed the coming morn,
Night moaned, and paled —
And dawn was born.

Beyond the Fears



There's a song in the great unknowing;
Walled by shadows and fears,
With eager feet would my soul be going
Among the spheres.

On to the sea is the river flowing
Shadows soften as evening nears;
There's a song in the great unknowing
Beyond the fears.

Inspiration



The rising sun
Spins a shining path across the sea
To my door. . . .
Can I still follow the path
In the dark hours
When the sun is gone?

Content



The night invades me.
Like the tide, it flows
Into the crevices
And little worn places,
Comforts me
With its coolness — and depth.

Tomorrow — light will blind
Me from my dreaming;
Warmth will sere this passion of content.
Small wants will bind,
And torture.

But tonight I am wise
With the weight
Of centuries.

Johnny Cucabod



Three men set out in search of God :
A dreamer, a fool, and Cucabod.

The dreamer, he sought a cell to pray,
The fool bowed ever to feet of clay.

These two — they swore that they found God ;
“I saw no trace” said Cucabod.

The dreamer, the fool, and Cucabod.
One told the truth — ’twas he found God.

Eyes



Bright as April skies
Your eyes
Were blue.
I loved you for your eyes —
Not you.

Soft as August skies
Your eyes
Were true.
But only your eyes were true —
Not you.

A Memory



That was a wonderful image,
Your hair
Blown by the summer air;
Your face
And a bit of lace,
Framed in the window there.

It is a wanton sunbeam
That falls
On the soul's dim walls;
A light
That guides my flight
When memory calls.

Dream Faces



You scarce had come and stopped, and sighed
Then gone away so soon,
As a rift of some forgotten cloud
Passes across the moon —

I knew I had known you long before;
Your face that looked from the crowd
Was the pleasure-pain of a memory
That wakes and would speak aloud.

To W. C. Morrow



I raised some flowers in my garden
Wonderful and fine;
But saw others in my neighbor's garden
More wonderful than mine.

I sat by my neighbor's fireside,
And talked of the world and strife;
In a few simple words he added
More than I knew of life.

It is My Dream



Rocks, sea-lashed at dawn; white waves that
beat

Against the undertow about our feet;
Spray-wet hair, and salty wind-swept sea —
It is my dream that you come there with me.
And we would walk in silence—hand in hand,
It is my dream—you would not understand.

A windless day, a shady tree that yields
A quiet place in one of God's green fields;
A meadow lark, and one white cloud above,
The hush of noon—sky, beauty, wonder, love;
And you'd caress my brow with cooling
hand—
It is my dream — you would not understand.

Longing



I stood
On a wind-swept hill
And watched the birds
Wing their way to the south.

My Masterpiece

With great care I planned
My masterpiece.
With terrible accuracy
I chose my words, my phrases —
For it was to be masterful,
It was to be vivid, delicate,
Subtle, powerful.
I would question the existence of things,
I would tear down every belief of man and
 build again.
I would thunder at the gates of the incredible
And flood the world with a new light of
 understanding
And it would be masterful.
Men would be amazed,
The world would be amazed,
God would be amazed.
And then — after weeks and months
It was finished.
I groped in vast untrammelled spaces,
Found other worlds, other universes;
Struggled with vague forces,
Dared infinite gods —
It was my masterpiece.
I loved it and wept over it.

But men shook their heads.
Here was an idler
With nothing to do but dream,
And to question the very foundation
Upon which they
Built their existence.
They did not see my vision —
They saw me,
And so they shook their heads.

I laid it away.
Then one day
With nothing else to do
I let my pen wander,
Amused.
It was — I forget — something about sun-
shine,
And winds, and new-made nests,
And singing flowers.
An hour perhaps — and I forgot it.

But men acclaimed a masterpiece!
They depicted a subtleness I had not
dreamed of.
It was a vision,
Daring, vivid, powerful.
It was my vision —
It was my masterpiece!

Sunset and Dawn



The sun sets like a pageant
Entering the gates of Heaven.
I see noble chargers and valiant knights.
Brazen trumpets,
And pompous kings,
Glory — victory — power!
This is a sunset.

But I love the dawn.
I love its coolness —
Its mystery.
“What subtle tie is there
Between one’s soul —
And the break of day?”

The Moth



A moth is beating itself
Against my light.
I wonder —
Can this longing in me
Be love?

She Smiled at Me



Along the dusty way I strode,
With a heavy frown and a heavy load,
Until I passed her on the road ;
She gathered clovers 'neath a tree,
She smiled at me, she smiled at me!

Two laughing eyes that seemed to say,
"I'm lonesome too, come on and play,"
Then merrily on she went her way ;
My heart was very light and free,
She smiled at me, she smiled at me!

No roguish eyes meant to beguile,
But just a true and trusting smile,
Ah! We were pals for just a while!
She was a lass of two or three,
She smiled at me ; she smiled at me!

To G. Y. H.



I love your eyes,
They bring me peace.

At the subtle curving
Of your mouth
My heart leaps.
A thousand voices surge
And will not be still.

At the softness of your hair
I want to laugh — and weep.

But in your eyes
There is only peace.

Peace



I sat among the ferns
By the singing brook
And, for a moment
Forgot there was a world.

Isabelle



Somewhere in her heart — a spring,
Flowing bright and clear.
Eagerly I drink,
And learn from whence
Her joy in life, her smile, her cheer.

Somewhere in her soul — a light,
Piercing the dark for those
Who lift their eyes.
Eagerly I follow
To peace I dared not dream could lie,
Except in Paradise.

To K. G. B.



Thoughts of you go passing by
Like clouds that drift in an April sky,
Light and fleet and quickly blown
Into a fanciful, vast unknown.
Thoughts of you go passing by
Like clouds in an April sky.

Indexing the Soul



This, they say,
Is good — this bad,
This beauty — that love,
Indexing the soul;
This is God — this devil,
Faith is such —
Truth such other.

And I, weary,
Stand under the stars
And bathe myself
In the glory of living.

Vivian



When you look at me that way
I forget
That I am I
And you are you
And we are we;
And only understand why birds
Sing in springtime;
And seem to know
Why leaves wither and fall
From the tree,
When cold winds blow.

Peggy



Peggy let me hold her hand
Blasé and bland
Was Peggy;
So I felt no reprimand
Just because of Peggy's hand.

Peggy let me have a kiss,
Daring miss
Was Peggy;
All the rest in ignorant bliss,
Never knew of Peggy's kiss.

Peggy said she loved me, too,
Very true
Was Peggy;
But why should I be feeling blue
Just because she loves me — too?

Ode to Mother's Sneeze



Song of the siren, sweet, alluring,
Shades of the feline, yowling, purring,
Clang of the bells on a Sunday morn,
Trombone, saxophone, xylophone, horn;
Song of the nightingale, soothing, slow,
Canary-bird, mocking-bird, woodpecker,
crow.

A gentle strain from a minuet,
A harsh refrain from a band — and yet,
A softly sighing ocean breeze,
The leaves rustling through the trees;
Violin, flute, mandolin, lyre,
Tornado, hurricane, thunder, fire.
Mix them together, and if you please —
A mild imitation of mother's sneeze.

Disillusioned



I always thought that love would come
On tiny feet,
And whisper, though the lips be dumb,
Things wondrous sweet.

I thought that love was a little moth
With dusty wings,
A bird that flutters in one's heart
And sings — and sings!

Foolish me! At last I know
The bitter truth —
The happiness, the tears that flow,
Are only — youth.

Vision



I was alone.
So much in solitude
The dim vale
Twixt life and death
Faded,
As night fades into dawn.
Dim shadows
That lurk beyond
Blazed forth in sudden glory,
And then were gone.

Loneliness



I stood and watched
A merry crowd go laughing by,
Until the sound was lost
In the din
Of the city's street.

The Sign

From a window it stared at me
My very soul it taunted.
Plain and simple and brazenly:
"GIRL WANTED."

Alas! My life was bleak and bare,
I made me a sign, undaunted,
Over my heart I placed with care:
"GIRL WANTED."

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